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THE SEVENTH EDITION.

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ODE UPON ODE;

OR,

A PEEP AT ST. JAMES'S;

OR,

NEW-YEAR'S DAY;

OR,

WHAT YOU WILL.

BY PETER PINDAR, Esq.

*"Quo me cunque rapit Tempestas, deferor Hospes."*

HORACE.

Just as the Maggot bites, I take my Way—  
To Painters now my Court respectful pay;  
Now (ever welcome!) on the Muse's Wings,  
Drop in at *Windsor*, on the best of KINGS;  
Now, at St. *James's*, about HANDEL prate,  
Hear Odes, see Lords and 'Squires, and smile at State.

---

L O N D O N :

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M.DCC.LXXXVII.

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NEW YEAR DAY

WHAT YOU WILL



BY PETER BARKER, ESQ.

LONDON:

Printed by J. G. & J. H. B. at the  
Museum Press, No. 1, Great  
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# ADVERTISEMENT.

READER,

I Think it necessary to inform thee, if thou hast not read Mr. WARTON's Ode, that I mean not to say he hath, *totidem verbis*, sung what I have asserted of him; I therefore beg that my Ode may be considered as an Amplification of the ingenious *Laureat's* Idea.



# ADVERTISEMENT

READER

I think it necessary to inform thee, if thou  
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not to say he had, without proof, long what I  
have alleged of him; I therefore beg that my  
Ode may be considered as an Amplification of  
the ingenious Author's Idea.

---

P R O O E M I U M.

---

**K**NOW, Reader, that the LAUREAT's post sublime  
 Is destin'd to record, in handsome rhyme,  
 The deeds of British Monarchs, twice a year :  
 If *great*, how happy is the tuneful tongue !  
 If *pitiful*, (as Shakespeare says) the song  
 " Must suckle fools, and chronicle small beer."

But bards must take the *uphill* with the *down* :  
 Kings cannot always oracles be hatching :  
 Maggots are oft the tenants of a crown ;  
 Therefore, like those in cheese, not worth the catching.



O gentle Reader ! if, by God's good grace,  
 Or (what's more fought) good interest at Court,  
 Thou get'st, of Lyric Trumpeter, the place,  
 And hundreds are, like gudgeons, gaping for't ;  
 Hear ! (at a palace if thou mean'st to thrive)  
 And of a steady coachman ~~learn~~ to drive.

Whene'er employ'd to celebrate a King,  
 Let Fancy lend thy muse its loftiest wing ---  
 Stun with thy minstrelsy th' affrighted sphere ;  
 Bid thy voice thunder like a hundred batteries ;  
 For common sounds, conveying common flatteries,  
 Are zephyrs whisp'ring to the Royal ear.

Know, glutton like, on praise each Monarch crams :  
 Hot spices suit alone their pamper'd nature :  
 Alas ! the stomach, parch'd by burning drams,  
 With mad-dog terror starts at simple water.

Fierce is each royal *Mania* for applause,  
 And, as a horse pond, wide are Monarch maws —  
 Form'd, therefore, on a pretty ample scale:  
 To found the *decent* panegyric note,  
 To pour the *modest* flatt'ries down their throat,  
 Were offering shrimps for dinner to a whale.

And mind, whene'er thou strik'st the lyre to Kings,  
 To touch to Abigails of Courts, the strings:  
 Give the Queen's toadeater a handsome fop,  
 And swear she always has more grace  
 Than ev'n to sell the *meanest* place:  
 Swear, too, the woman keeps no title shop;

Sells not, like Jews, in Paul's church-yard, their ware,  
 Who on each passenger for custom stare;  
 And, in the happy tones of traffic, cry,

“ *Sher! vat you buy, Sher?---Madam! vat you buy?* ”

Thus,



Thus, Reader, ends the Prologue to my Ode!

The true-bred courtiers wonder whilst I preach,  
And, with grave vizards, and stretch'd eyes to God,  
Pronounce my sermon a most impious speech:  
With all my spirit---let them damn my lays---  
A courtier's curses are exalted praise.

---

**I** HEAR a startled moralist exclaim,

“Fie, PETER, PETER! fie for shame!

“Such counsel disagrees with my digestion.”

Well, well, then, my old SOCRATES, to please thee,

For much I'm willing of thy qualms to ease thee,

I'll nobly take the other side the question.

*Par*

*Par Example :*

Fair praise is sterling gold—all should desire it—

Flatt'ry, base coin—a cheat upon the nation :

And yet our vanity doth much admire it,

And really gives it all its circulation.

FLATT'RY's a sly insinuating screw—

The world—a bottle of Tokay so fine—

The engine always can its cork subdue,

And make an easy conquest of the wine.

FLATT'RY's an ivy wriggling round an oak—

This oak is often honest, blunt JOHN BULL—

Which ivy would its great supporter choak,

Whilst JOHN (so thick the walls of his dark skull)

Deems it a pretty ornament, and struts—

Till MASTER IVY creeps into JOHN's guts ;

And gives poor thoughtless JOHN a set of gripes :

Then, like an organ, opening all his pipes,

JOHN roars ; and, when to a consumption drain'd,

Finds out the knave his folly entertain'd.



PRAISE is a modest, unassuming maid,

As simply as a Quaker beauty drest:—

No ostentation hers—no vain parade:

Sweet nymph! and of few words possst;

Yet, heard with rev'rence when she silence breaks,

And dignifies the man of whom she speaks.

FLATT'RY's a pert French milliner—a jade

Cover'd with *rouge*, and flauntingly array'd——

Makes faucy love to ev'ry man she meets,

And offers ev'n her favours in the streets.

And yet, instead of meeting public hisses—

Divines so grave—Philosophers can bear her;

What's stranger still, with childish rapture hear her---

Nay, court the smiling harlot's *very kisses*.

---

# O D E.

---

**R**ICH as Dutch cargoes from the fragrant East,  
Or custard pudding at a City feast,  
Tom's incense greets his Sov'reign's hungry nose:  
For, bating Birth-day torrents from Parnassus,  
And New-year's spring tide of divine molasses,  
Fame in a scanty rill to Windsor flows!

Poets (quoth tuneful Tom) in antient times,  
Delighted all the country with their rhymes---  
Sung knights and barbed steeds with valour big:  
Knights who encounter'd witches---murder'd wizards:  
Flogg'd Pagans till they grumbled in their gizzards:  
Rogues! with no more religion than a pig:---

Knights



Knights who illumin'd unbelieving souls  
 Through pretty little well-form'd eye-let holes,  
 By pious pikes and godly lances made---  
 Tools! that work'd wonders in the holy trade;

With battle-axes fit to knock down bulls,  
 And therefore qualified (I wot) full well,  
 With force the sacred oracles to tell  
 Unto the thickest unbelieving skulls:---

Knights, who, so famous at the game of tourney,  
 Took boldly to the Holy Land a journey,  
 To plant, with swords, in hearts, the Gospel seeds;  
 Just as we hole for cucumbers, hotbeds,  
 Or pierce the bosom of the fullen earth,  
 To give to radishes or onions birth:---

Knights, who, when tumbled on the hostile field,  
 And to an enemy oblig'd to yield,  
 Could neither leg, nor arm, nor neck, nor nob, stir:  
 Poor devils! who, like alligators hack'd,  
 At length by hammers, hatchets, sledges, crack'd;  
 Were dragg'd from coats of armour---like a lobster.

Great

Great (says the Laureat) were the Poet's puffings  
 On idle, daring, Red-cross raggamuffins,  
 Who for their childishness deserv'd a birch :  
 Quoth Tom, A worthier subject now, thank God !  
 Inspires the lofty dealer in the Ode,  
 Than blockheads battling for Old Mother Church.

Times (quoth our courtly bard) are alter'd quite—  
 The Poet scorns what charm'd of yore the fight—  
 Goths, Vandals, castles, horses, mares :—  
 The polish'd poet of the present day  
 Doth in his tasty shop display,  
 Ah! vastly prettier-colour'd wares.

—The Poet “ moulds his harp to manners mild,”  
 Quoth Tom—to Monarchs, who, with rapture wild,  
 Hear their own praise with mouths of gaping wonder,  
 And catch each crotchet of the Birth-day thunder :  
 Crotchets that scorn the praise of *common* folly—  
 Though not most *musical*—most *melancholy* :  
 Ah! crotchets doom'd to charm our ears no more,  
 Although by Mr. Parsons set in *score* ;



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Drear and eternal silence doom'd to keep,  
 Where the dark waters of oblivion sleep—  
 To speak in humbler English—doom'd to rest,  
 With Court addresses, in a musty chest.

Yet all the Lady *Amateurs* declar'd,  
 They were the *charming'st* things they ever heard:  
 As for example—all the angel GIDEONS——  
 That is, my Lady, and her daughters fair,  
 With coal-black eyebrows, and sweet Hebrew air—  
 The lovely produce of the two religions:

Thus, in their virtues, fox hounds best succeed,  
 When sportsmen very wisely cross the breed:  
 And thus with nobler lustre shines the fowl  
 Begot between a game-hen and an owl.

Sir SAMPSON too declar'd, with voice divine,  
 “ *Dat shince he haf turn Chreestian, and eat hog,*  
 “ *He nebber did hear mooshic half sho fine;*  
 “ *No! nebber shince he lefs de Shinnygogue.”*

His

His Grace of QUEENSBURY too, with eyes tho' dim,

And one deaf ear, was there in wonder drown'd!

Lift'ning, in attitude of Corp'ral Trim,

He rais'd his thin gray curl to catch the sound:

Then swore the airs would never meet their matches,

But in his own immortal Glees and Catches.

Yet were those crotchets all condemn'd to rest

In the dark bosom of a musty chest!

Crotchets that form'd into so sweet an air,

As charm'd my LADY MAYORESS and LORD MAYOR;

Who thought (and really they were true believers)

The music equall'd marrowbones and cleavers.

Strains! that the Reverend BISHOPS had no qualms,

In saying, that they equall'd DAVID's Psalms;

But not surpass'd in melody the bell

That mournful foundeth an ARCHBISHOP's knell;

Strains! that Sir JOSEPH MAWBEY deem'd divine,

Sweet as the quavers of his fattest swine.

E'en



E'en great \*Lord PRUDENELL's self admir'd the strain,  
 In all the tuneful agonies of pain;  
 Who, winking, beats with duck-like nods the time,  
 And call'd the music and the words sublime.

Too, all the other Lords, with plaudits swarming,  
 Cried *bravo! bravo!* charming! *bravo!* charming!  
 And Majesty itself, to music bred,  
 Pronounc'd it "very, very good indeed!"  
 Indulging, p'rhaps, the *very* nat'ral dream,  
 That all its charms were owing to the *theme*.

Not but some small degree of harmless pleasure  
 Might in the brace of R—y—l bosoms rise,  
 To think they heard it without waste of treasure:  
 As fixpences are lovely in their eyes.

For not long since, I heard a forward dame  
 Thus, in a tone of impudence, exclaim—  
 "Good God! how Kings and Queens a song adore!  
 "With what delight they order an *encore!*

\* A prodigious *Amateur*—without his Lordship there can be no rehearsal.

“ When that same song, *encor'd*, for nothing flows !

“ This Madam MARA, to her sorrow, knows.”

“ To Windfor, several times, and *eke* to Kew,

“ The R-y-l mandate Madam MARA drew.

“ No cheering drop was MARA ask'd to sip——

“ No bread was offer'd to her quiv'ring lip :

“ Though faint, she was not suffer'd to sit down——

“ Heav'n help the *Goddeſs*—*Grandeur* of the Cr—n !

“ Now tell me, will it it ever be believ'd,

“ How much for song and chaise-hire she receiv'd ?

“ How much, pray, think ye?---Fifty guineas?---“ No.”

“ Most surely, forty?---“ No, no.”---Thirty?---“ Poh !

“ Pray, guess in reason---come again.”

“ Alas ! you jeer us---Twenty, at the least ;

“ No man could ever be so great a b——ft

“ As not to give her twenty for her pain——

“ To keep you then no longer in suspense,

“ For Madam MARA's chaise-hire and sweet note,

“ Out of their *wonderful* benevolence,

“ Their bounteous M-j---ies gave---not a groat.”



" Ay !" cry'd a second fland'rer, with a sneer,  
 " I know a story like it---You shall hear---  
 " Poor Mrs. SIDDONS, *she* was order'd out---  
 " To wait upon their M-j---ies, to *spout*---  
 " To read old Shakespeare's *As You Like it* to 'em;  
 " And how to mind their stops, and commas, shew 'em,  
 " She read---was told 'twas very fine,  
 " Excepting here and there a line---  
 " To which the Royal wisdom did object---  
 " And which, in all the pride of emendation,  
 " And partly to improve her reputation,  
 " His M-j---y thought proper to correct:  
 " Then turning to the partner of his bed,  
 " On tiptoe rais'd by self-approbation,  
 " A very modest elevation!  
 " He cry'd, " Mind, CHARLY, *that's* the way to read."  
 " The actres reading, spouting---out of breath,  
 " *Stood* all the time---was nearly tir'd to death;  
 " Whilst both Their M-j---ies, in Royal style,  
 " At perfect ease were *fitting* all the while.

" Not

- " Not offer'd to her was one drop of beer,  
 " Nor wine, nor chocolate, her heart to cheer :  
 " Ready to drop to earth, she must have funk,  
 " But for a child, that at the hardship shrunk---  
 " A little PRINCE, who mark'd her situation,  
 " Thus, pitying, pour'd a tender exclamation :---  
  
 " La ! Mrs. SIDDONS is quite faint indeed---  
 " How pale ! I'm sure she cannot longer read :  
 " She somewhat wants, her spirits to repair,  
 " And would, I'm sure, be happy in a *chair*."  
  
 " What follow'd ?---Why, the R-y-al pair arose,  
 " Surly enough---one fairly may suppose ;  
 " And to a room adjoining made retreat,  
 " To let her, for one minute, *steal* a feat.  
  
 " At length the actresses ceas'd to read and spout,  
 " Where Generosity's a crying sin :  
 " Her curt'fy dropp'd---was nodded to---came out---  
 " So rich !---How rich ?---As rich as she *went in*."



Such are the stories twain---Why, grant the fact,  
Are PRINCES, pray, like *common folks* to act?

Should MARA call it *cruelty*, and blame

Such R-y-al conduct, I'd cry, Fie upon her!

To Mrs. SIDDONS freely say the same---

Sufficient for *such people* is the *honour*!

E'en I, the BARD, expect no gifts from KINGS,

Altho' I've said of them such *handsome* things---

Nay, not their eye's attention, whose bright ray

Would, like the SUN, illumine my poor lay,

And, like the SUN, so kind to procreation,

Increase within my brain the maggot nation.

So much for idle tales---Now, MUSE, thy strain

Digressive, turn to drawing rooms again.

There, too, was PITT, who scrap'd and bow'd to ground,

And whisper'd Majesty, 'twas vastly fine;---

Then wish'd such harmony could once be found

Where *he*, each day, was treated like a swine

By that arch-fiend CHARLES FOX, and his vile party---

Villains! in nought but black rebellion hearty;

Fellows!

Fellows! who had the impudence to place  
 The *Sacred sceptre* underneath the *mace*,  
 And twisted ropes, with malice disappointed,  
 To hamper or to hang the LORD'S AN——ED.

To whom a certain SAGE so earnest cry'd,

“ Don't mind—don't mind—the rogues their aim have

“ mis'd——

“ Don't fear your place, whilst I am well supply'd—

“ But mind, mind poverty of Civil List.

“ Swear that no K——'s so poor upon the globe;

“ Compare me—yes, compare me to poor JOB.

“ What? What, PITT—hæ? We must have t'other grant.

“ What, what? You know, PITT, that my old dear AUNT

“ Left not a fixpence, PITT, these eyes to bless,

“ But from the parish sav'd that f—l at *H—ff*.

F

“ But



“ But mind me—hæ, to plague her heart when dying,

“ I was a constant hunter—Nimrod still;

“ And when in state, as dead’s a mack’rel, lying,

“ I car’d not, for I knew the woman’s *will*.

“ And three days after she was dead,

“ Which some folks thought prodigiously profane,

“ I took it—yes—I took it in my head,

“ To order *Sir John Brute* at Drury Lane.

“ Had she respected *me*, I do aver,

“ I should have stay’d at home, and thought of *her*.”

“ And mind—keep GEORGE as poor as a church mouse—

“ Vote not a halfpenny for Carleton House—

“ This may appear like wonderful barbarity—

“ But mind, PITT, mind---he gains in popularity.

“ I see him o’er his father try to rise,

“ And mount an eagle to the skies---

“ But poverty will check his daring flight---

“ Besides, should GEORGE receive a grant---

“ He gets the golden orbs I want---

“ Then Civil-list deficiencies---Good night!

“ And

- “ And hæ! that wicked \* son-in-law of BROWN,  
 “ Lofing all fort of rev’rence for a Crown,  
 “ Hath sent me in a bill so dread---  
 “ What’s very strange too, PITT, I’ll tell ye more---  
 “ The rascal came into my house, and swore  
 “ ’Twas a just bill, and that he *must* be paid;  
 “ Yes, “that he wou’d,” he swore---(how faucy!---PITT)  
 “ Or fend a lawyer to me with a *writ*.  
 “ Down sent I RAMUS to him o’er and o’er  
 “ To say that BROWN had *gain’d* enough---  
 “ And bid him to the Palace come no more  
 “ To pester Majesty with bills and stuff.  
 “ What---PITT, pray don’t you think I’m right---quite  
 “ right?”

On which the PREMIER, with a fault’ring bow,  
 Star’d in the face by TRUTH---looking I don’t know how,  
*Hem’d* out a faint assent---Heav’ns, how polite!

\* Mr. Holland, who married a daughter of the late *Capability* Brown, and who hath several times *impertinently* troubled the Palace with a bill of two thousand pounds, due for work done by his father-in-law in the Royal gardens.



How pretty 'twas in PITT, what great good sense,  
Not to give Majesty the least offence!

Whereas, the CHANCELLOR, had *he* been there,  
Whose tutor, one would think, had been a bear;  
Thinking a Britain to no forms confin'd,  
But born with privilege to speak his mind;  
Had answer'd with a thund'ring tongue,

" I think your Majesty d-mn-tion wrong---

" I know no *moral* nor *prescriptive* right

" In Kings to \*\*\* a subject of a mite:

" Give him his just demand---it is but fit---

" Such littleneffes look extremely odd---

" Before *me* should the matter come, by G-d

" Your M-----y will cursedly be *bit*---

" Kings by a sense of honour should be sway'd---

" Holland *must, will*; by G-d he *shall* be paid."

Lord ROCHFORD too, the gentle youth! was there,

Whose sweet *falsetto* voice is often sported  
In glees and catches; so that all who hear,  
Believe a pretty *semi-vir* imported.

There

Anxious to please the Royal pair,  
 Lord SALISBURY prais'd the words and air :  
 My Lord—who boasts a pretty tuneful palate ;  
 Who kindly teaches cobblers how to sing ;  
 Instructs his butler, baker, on the string,  
 And with Apollo's laurel, crowns his valet \*.

“ A cobbler ! baker chang'd to a musician,  
 “ Butlers, and lick-trenchers ?” My reader roars,  
 “ The sacred art is in a sweet condition——  
 “ A pretty way of rubbing out old scores !  
 “ God blefs his generosity and purse,  
 “ Soon probably his grandmother or nurse,  
 “ May to the happy band unite their notes—  
 “ Perchance, the list respectable to grace,  
 “ His Lordship's fav'rite *horse* may show his face,  
 “ And earn, as chorus finger, all his oats.”

\* His Lordship made some *bad* appointments to His Majesty's band—ignorant, unmusical rogues who receive the salary, and thrum by proxy : however, he hath behaved better *lately*, and made atonement, by giving SHIELD, DANCE, BLAKE, PARKE, and HACKWOOD to the Band.



There too, that close attendant on the KING,  
 Sir CHARLES\*, the active, elegant and supple,  
 Join'd with the happy *Beings* of the ring,  
 And bow'd and scrap'd before the sceptred couple;  
 Pour'd high *encomium* on the birth-day din,  
 And won the *meed* of many a Royal grin.

*Sir Charles!* the most polite, devoted man,  
 Form'd perfectly upon the Courtier plan;  
 Watches each motion of the Royal lips,  
 And round His Majesty so lively skips:

Keen as a hawk, observes his Sovereign's eye,  
 Explores its wants, and dwells upon its stare,  
 As if he really was to live or die,  
 According to th' appearance of the glare:  
 Hops, dances, of true courtliness the type,  
 Just like a pea on a tobacco pipe.

Oft will his sacred M-----y look down,  
 With aspect conscious of a glorious Crown:

\* Sir Charles Thomson.

Look down with furly grandeur on the Knight,  
 As if such servile homage were his *right* ;  
 And by a *stare*, inform the fearful thing,  
 The diff'rence 'twixt a subject and a King :

Thus when a little fearful puppy meets  
 A noble Newfoundland dog in the streets,

He creeps, and whines, and licks the lofty brute ;  
 Curls round him, falls upon his back, and then  
 Springs up and gambols---frisks it back agen,

And crawls in dread submission to his foot :  
 Looks up, and hugs his neck, and seems t'intreat him  
 With ev'ry mark of terror, not to eat him.

The Newfoundland dog, conscious of his might,  
 Cocks high his tail and ears, his state to show ;  
 Then lifts his leg (a little unpolite)

And almost drowns the Suppliant below :

Then seems, in full-blown majesty, to say,

“ Great is my pow'r---but, lo ! I'll not abuse it :

“ I'm CÆSAR ! paltry creature, go thy way ;

“ But mind, I can *devour* thee, if I chuse it.”

Oft



Sir CHARLES at theatres oft shows his mien,  
 Skips from His Majesty behind the scene,  
 To make a famous actrefs blest, by saying,  
 How pleas'd the Monarch is---how oft he clapp'd,  
 How oft the Queen her fan so gracious tapp'd,  
 In approbation of her charming playing!

Then will the KNIGHT, with motions all so quick,  
 Rush back again, o'erjoy'd, through thin and thick,  
 And to their sacred Majesties repair,  
 Loaded with curtsies, speeches, thanks, fine things!  
 Proud as some old Dame's nag with Queens and Kings  
 Of gingerbread, to grace a country fair.

Then will Sir CHARLES race back with cold career,  
 With something *new*, the Royal mouths shall utter,  
 Sweet to the ACTRESS's astonish'd ear,  
 As sugar-plums to brats---or bread and butter:

Then back to Majesty Sir CHARLES will fly  
 With this great Actrefs's *sublime* reply:

As

As for example—" Dear Sir CHARLES, dear friend,  
 " Pray thank their Majesties' extreme good nature,  
 " Who in their goodneffes can condescend  
 " To honour thus their poor devoted creature:  
 " Whose patronage gives glory to a name—  
 " Whose smiles *alone* confer immortal fame.—  
 " I beg, Sir CHARLES, you'll say the *humblest* things—  
 " Commend me to the best of *Queens* and *Kings*."

Back with these messages Sir CHARLES will run,  
 And with them charm of Majesty the SUN,  
 And bid him, like his BROTHER in the skies,  
 Dart smiling radiance from his mouth and eyes!  
 Thrice happy Knight! all parties form'd to please!  
 Blest porter of such messages as these!

Thus 'midst the battle's rage, like lightning, scours  
 An AID DE CAMP, his GENERAL's orders carrying:  
 Bravely he gallops through the bullet show'rs,  
 But scarce a single minute tarrying;  
 Then to the GENERAL back with answer comes,  
 'Midst the deep thunder of great guns and drums:



Now forth again with more commands he fallies,  
 Then back, then forth again behold him hurry;  
 To *this* that runs away, to *that* which rallies,  
 All bustle, uproar wild, and hurry scurry!

Yet was there *one* who much the day decry'd---  
 Old Lady MARY DUNCAN. (says report).

“ What, no dear, dear *Castrato* here!” she sigh’d;

“ Why then---P-x take the roarings and the court;

“ Then Lord have mercy on my tortur’d ears,

“ And shield me from the shouts of such HE BEARS.”

“ Are such the pretty notes to please!

“ Then may I never more hear sounds like these:

“ In days of yore they might have had their merit,

“ Amongst the rams-horns to have borne a bob,

“ That did at JERICO the wondrous job---

“ Knock’d down the wall with so much spirit.

“ The sounds may answer to play tricks

“ Amongst a pack of drunken asses:

“ To break, as if it were with sticks,

“ The bones of bottles and poor glasses.

“ Where,

“ Where, where is PACCHIEROTTI’s *heart-felt strain* ?

“ Where RUBINELLI’s *softenuto* note ?

“ That tickled oft my fighting soul to *pain*,

“ That bade my senses in Elysium float ?

“ Avaunt ! you vile black-bearded rogues---avaunt !

“ ’Tis smother chins, and sweeter tones, *I want*.”

MY LORD OF EXETER was also there,

Who, marv’ling, cock’d his time-discerning ear

To strains that did such honour to a Throne:---

There UXBRIDGE taught the audience how to *think* :

With much significant and knowing wink,

And speeches clad in Wisdom’s critic tone ;

Who look’d musicians *through* with half-shut eyes:---

Most solemn, most *chromatically* wise !

SANDWICH, the glory of each jovial meeting,

*This* fidler now---now *that*, so kindly greeting,

Appear’d, and shrewdly pour’d his *babs* and *bums* :

Great in tattoo, my Lord, and cross-hand roll ;

Great in the Dead-march-stroke sublime of SAUL,

He beats Old ASSBRIDGE \* on the kettle drums.

\* A kettle-drummer of great celebrity.



What pity, to our *military* host,  
 That such a charming drummer should be lost !  
 And feel thro' life his glories overcast  
 At that dull Board \*, where, never could he learn,  
 Of ships, the diff'rence between *stem* and *stern*,  
 Hen-coops and boats, the rudder and the mast.  
 Say---'midst the tuneful tribe was EDMUND BURKE ?  
 No!---MUN was cutting out for HASTINGS, work ;  
 Writing to Cousin WILL † and Co. to league 'em  
 Against that rogue, who like a ruffian rose,  
 And tweak'd a bulse of jewels from the nose  
 Of Dames, in India, christen'd *Munny Begum*.  
 EDMUND ! who formerly look'd fierce as Grimbald  
 On that most horrid imp, Sir THOMAS RUMBOLD ;  
 Vow'd, like a sheep, to slay that Eastern thief ;  
 Till *strange good fortune* open'd EDMUND's eyes :  
 Oh ! then he heard of INNOCENCE the cries,  
 And, like Jew converts, damn'd his old belief.  
 Yet, let *some* praise for MUN's conversion pass  
 To that great wonder-worker, SAINT DUNDAS.

\* The Admiralty.

† In India.

EDMUND ! who battled hard for POWELL's life,  
 And swore no man, in virtue, e'er went further :  
 To prove which oath, this POWELL took a knife,  
 And made the world believe it, by *Self-murther*.

Reader, suppose I give thee a small Ode,  
 Made when vile TIPPOO SAIB in triumph rode,  
 And play'd the devil on our Indian borders,  
 In person, or by vile fatanic orders :

When Mr. BURKE, so famous for fine speeches,  
 From *trope* to *trope*, a downright rabbit, skipping,  
 Meant, school-boy like, to take down HASTINGS' *breeches*,  
 And give the noble GOVERNOR a whipping ?

If rightly, Reader, I translate thy phiz,  
 Thou smil'st consent---I thank thee---Here it is.

But mark my cleanliness ere I begin :  
 Know, I've not caught the *itch* of party sin :  
 To PITT, or FOX, I never did belong :  
 TRUTH, TRUTH I seek --- so help me GOD OF SONG !



P'rhaps to a *Heathen oath* thou may'st demur:

Well then---Suspicion that I mayn't incur,

But, like a *Christian*, swear *I do not sham*---

By all the angels of yon lofty sky,

Where burning seraphims and cherubs cry,

I'm of no party---curse me if I am!

By all those wonder-monger saints and martyrs,

Cut for the love of God in halves and quarters;

By each black soul in purgatory frying;

By all those whiter souls, tho' we can't see 'em,

Singing their *Ave-Mary* and *Te Deum*

On yon bright cloud---I swear I am not lying.

No! free as air the MUSE shall spread her wing,

Of *whom*, and *when*, and *what* she pleases, sing:

Though Privy Councils\*, jealous of her note,

Prescrib'd, of late, a halter for her throat.

Let Folly spring---my eagle, falcon, kite,

Hawk---satire---what you will---shall mark her flight;

\* This is a piece of secret history.

Thro' huts or palaces ('tis just the same),  
 With equal rage, pursue the panting game;  
 And lay (by princes, or by peasants, bred)  
 Low at the OWNER's feet, the CUCKOW, dead.

---

O D E    T O    E D M U N D.

MUCH edified am I by EDMUND BURKE !  
 Well pleas'd I see his patriot mill at work,  
 Grinding away for poor Old England's good :  
 He gives of elocution such a feast !  
 He tells of such dread doings in the East !  
 And sighs, as 'twere, for his own flesh and blood.  
  
*Shroff, Chout, Lack, Omra, Dustuck, Nabob, Bunder,*  
*Crore, Choultry, Begum,* leave his lips in thunder.  
  
 With matchless *Pathos*, Mun describes the gag,  
 Employ'd by that vile son of HYDER NAIG,  
Nam'd



Nam'd TIPPOO — Gags! that British mouths detest;  
 Occasion'd partly by that man so sad,  
 That HASTINGS! --- oh! deserving all that's bad —  
 That villain, murd'rer, tyrant, dog, wild beast!

Poor EDMUND sees poor Britain's setting Sun:  
 Poor EDMUND *groans* --- and Britain is *undone*!

Reader! thou hast, I do presume,  
 (God knows though) been in a snug room,  
 By coals or wood made comfortably warm,  
 And often fancied that a storm *without*,  
 Hath made a diabolic rout ---  
 Sunk ships --- tore trees up --- done a world of harm.

Yes! thou hast lifted up thy tearful eyes,  
 Fancying thou heardest of mariners the cries;  
 And sigh'd, "How wretched now must thousands be!  
 "Oh! how I pity the poor souls at sea!"  
 When, lo! this dreadful tempest, and his roar,  
 A *zephyr* --- in the key-hole of the door!

Now,

Now, may not EDMUND's howlings be a sigh  
 Pressing thro' EDMUND's lungs for loaves and fishes,  
 On which he long hath look'd with *longing* eye,  
 To fill poor EDMUND's not o'er-burden'd dishes?

Give MUN a sop—forgot will be complaint;  
 BRITAIN be safe, and HASTINGS prove a *Saint*.

---

Now for the drawing-room—O Muse, so madding,  
 Delighted in digression to be gadding.

HAMPDEN and FORTESCUE (brave names!) attended—  
 The *last* in Catches wonderfully mended.  
 The lovely Lady CLARGES too was there,  
 To all the graces as to music born:  
 Whose notes so sweetly melting sooths the ear!  
 Soft as the robin's to the blush of morn!



There too the rare *Viol-di-Gamba* PRATT,  
Whose fingers fair the strings so nicely pat,  
And bow that brings out sounds unknown at Babel—  
Tho' not so sweet as those of Mr. ABEL.

Dear maid ! the daughter of that PRINCE of PRATTS,  
Who music *cons* as well as law ; and swears  
The girl shall *scrub* no foul's but Handel's airs,  
To whom he thinks our great composers, cats :

*Id est*, SACCHINI, HAYDEN, BACH, and GLUCK,  
And twenty more, who never had the luck  
To please the nicer ears of *some crown'd* FOLK :  
Ears that, like other people's, tho' they grow,  
Poor creatures ! really want the sense to know  
Psalm tunes so mournful from the old Black Joke.

That musty music-hunter too—*Mus. D.*  
Much-travel'd BURNEY came to hear and see :  
He, in his tour, who found such great protectors——  
KINGS, QUEENS, DUKES, MARGRAVES, MARGRAVINES,  
ELECTORS,

Who

Who ask'd the DOCTOR many a gracious question,  
 And treated him with marv'lous hospitality;  
 Gueffing he had as clever a digestion  
 For meat and drink, as music of rare quality.—

Not with much glee the Doctor heard the Ode,  
 But turn'd his disappointed eyes to GOD;

And wish'd it his own setting, with a sigh:—  
 For, ere to SALISBURY'S house the Doctor came—  
 To get, as ODE-SETTER, enroll'd his name—

Behold! behold the *wedding was gone by*.

Ah! how unlucky that the prize was lost!

PARSONS, who, daring, dash'd thro' thick and thin—  
 ECLIPSE the second!—got like lightning *in*,  
 When BURNEY just had reach'd the *distance post*.

Yet, gentle Muse, let candour *this* allow,  
 That, tho' his heart was mortified enow,  
 The Doctor did his rival's art admire,  
 And own'd his *maiden* crotchets full of fire—  
 Crotchets! tho' sweet—alas! condemn'd to lie  
 Like Royal virtues, hid from mortal eye!

Crotchets,



Crotchets that songful Mr. PARSONS ties  
To TOM's big phrase, to make sublimer cries:

Thrice happy union to entrance the soul!  
How, like the notes of cats, a vocal pair,  
By boys (to catch their wild and mingled air)  
Tied tail to tail, and thrown across a pole!

But where was great Sir WATKYN all this time?  
Why heard he not the air and lofty rhyme?

The sleek Welsh Deity, who music knows—  
The ALEXANDER of the Tot'n'am\* troops,  
Who, tutor'd by his stampings, nods, grunts, whoops,  
Do wond'rous execution with their bows?

Sir WATKYN, deep in dismal dudgeon gone,  
Far in his Cambrian villa † fat alone:  
To Mrs. WALSINGHAM ‡ he scrubb'd his base,  
Whilst anger swell'd the volume of his face,

\* Sir Watkyn is a Member of the Ancient Music Concert in Tottenham Street, and much attended to, both for his art and science.

† Wynnestay.

‡ The quarrel between the Knight and the Lady was a wonderful one—  
*Tantene animis cœlestibus iræ?*

Flaming, like funs of London in a fog:

Of Mrs. WALSINGHAM he fung with ire;

His eyes as red as ferrets' eyes, with fire;

His mighty foul for vengeance all agog.

ACHILLES thus, affronted to the beard,

His sledge-like fist o'er AGAMEMNON rear'd,

And down his throat would fain his words have ramm'd:

Who, after oaths (a pretty decent volly,)

And rating the long Monarch for his folly,

Inform'd the King of Men he might be d—mn'd;

Then to his tent majestic strode to strum,

And scrape his anger out on tweedle-dum.

Yet Mrs. WALSINGHAM the ode attended;

From Squire Apollo lineally descended—

A dame who dances, paints, and plays, and sings:

The Saint Cecilia—Queen of wind and strings!

Tho' scarcely bigger than a cat---a dame

Midst the *Bas bleus*, a giant as to *Fame*.



When fiddle, hautboy, clarinet, bassoon,

On Sunday (deem'd by *us* good Christians, *odd*,)

Unite their clang, and pour their merry tune

In jiggish gratitude to God;

Lo! if a witless Member should desire,

Instead of Handel, strains *perchance* of Hayden,

A fierce SEMIRAMIS she flames with ire---

This Amazonian, crotchet-loving maiden!

She looks at him with such a pair of eyes!

Reader, by way of *simile*-digression,

Which to my subject happily applies---

Did'st ever see GRIMALKIN in a passion,

Lifting her back and ears, and tail and hair,

Giving her two expressive goggles,

(Not in the sweet and tender stile of oglers)

A fierce, broad, wild, fix'd, furious, threat'ning stare?

If so---thou mayst some faint idea have

Of this great Lady at her tuneful club---

Who very often hath been heard to rave,

And with much eloquence the Members snub.

Some

Some people by their souls will swear,  
That if Musicians miss but half a bar,

Just like an Irishman she starts to *bother*---  
And in the violence of quaver madness,  
Where nought should reign but harmony and gladness,  
She knocks one tuneful head against another;  
Then screams in such chromatic tones  
Upon Apollo's poor affrighted sons,  
Whose trembling tongues when her's begins to sound  
Are in the din vociferating, drown'd!

Thus when the Oxford bell, baptiz'd GREAT TOM,  
Shakes all the city with his iron tongue,  
The little tinklers might as well be dumb  
As ask attention to their puny song,  
So much the Lillyputians are o'ercome  
By the deep thunder of the MIGHTY TOM.

HANDEL, as fam'd for manners as a pig,  
Enrag'd, upon a time pull'd off his wig,  
And flung it plump in poor CUZZONI's face,  
Because the little Syren miss'd a grace:

Musicians



Muficians, therefore, fhould beware;

Or in the face of fome unlucky chap,

Altho' ſhe cannot fling a load of hair,

She probably may dart her cap.

Oft when a youth to ſome ſweet bluſhing maid

Hath ſlily whiſper'd amatory things,

And more by paſſion than by muſic ſway'd,

Broke on the tuneful dialogue of ſtrings;

Rous'd like a tygreſs from a fav'rite feaſt,

Up hath the valiant Gentlewoman ſprung,

With light'ning look, and thund'ring tongue,

Ready with out-ſtretch'd neck to eat the beaſt

That boldly dar'd, --- ſo blaſphemouſly raſh,

Mix with the air divine his loveſick traſh.

Reader, attend her --- ſhe will ſo enrich ye

With muſic knowledges of every kind,

From that poor nothing-monger, old QUILLICI,

To Handel's lofty and capacious mind:

Run wild divisions on the various merit  
Of *this* and *that* composer's spirit---

On GLUCK's sublimities be all so chatty—  
Talk of the *serio-comic* of PICCINI,  
Compare the elegance of sweet SACCHINI,  
And iron melodies of old SCARLATTI!

But not one word on British worth, I ween—  
Their very mention gives the dame the spleen:  
'Twere e'en disgrace to tell their mawkish names:  
Mere cart-horses—poor uninventive fools,  
Who neither music make, nor know its rules---  
Whose works should only come to light in *flames*,  
To depths of music doth this dame pretend,  
Nought can her science well transcend,---  
If you the Lady's own opinion ask;  
And when she talks of musical enditers,  
She shows a *vast* acquaintance with all writers,  
And takes them critically all to task.

M

Dear



Dear Gentle-woman! who, so great, so chaste,  
 So *foreign* in her *tweedle-dummish* taste,  
 Faints at the name of that enchanting fellow,  
 The melting *Amoroso* Paifiello!

With notes on Tarchi, Sarti, will o'erwhelm ye,  
 Giordani, sweeter than the Hybla honey:

Anfossi, Cimeroso, Bach, Bertoni,

Rauzzini, Abel, Pleyel, Guglielmi!

Can tell you, that th' Italian school is airy,

Expressive, elegant, light as a fairy;

The German heavy, deep, scholastic;

The French most miserably whining, moaning

Oft like poor devils in the colic groaning,

Noisy and screaming, hideous, hudibrastic.

The female visitors around her gaze,

With wond'ring eyes, and mouths of wide amaze,

To hear her pompously demand the key

Of ev'ry piece musicians play.

Astonish'd

Astonish'd see this Petticoat-Apollo,  
 With stamping foot, and beck'ning hands  
 And head, time-nodding, issue high commands,  
 Beating the Tot'n'am-road Director\* hollow.

Yes---they behold amaz'd, this tuneful whale,  
 And catch each crotchet of her rich discourse,  
 Utter'd with classic elegance and force,

On *Diatonic* and *Chromatic* scale:  
 Then stare to see the Lady wisely pore  
 On scientific zig-zag score.

Reader, at this great Lady's Sunday meeting,  
 Midst tuning instruments each other greeting,  
 Screaming as if they had not met for years,  
 So joyous, and so great their clatter!---say  
 Didst ever see this Lady striking *A*

Upon her harpsichord, with bending ears?  
 With open mouth, and stare profound,  
 Attention-nail'd, and head awry,  
 Till *Alamire* unison goes round,  
 Watching each atom of the tuneful cry?

\* Joah Bate, Esq.

Did't



Didst ever see her hands outstretch'd like wings,

Towards the band, tho' led by CRAMER,

Wide swimming for *pianos* on the strings---

Now sudden rais'd, like Mr. Christie's hammer,

To bid the *forte*\* roar in sudden thunder,

And fill the gaping multitude with wonder?

Thou never didst?---then, friend, without a hum,

I envy thee a happiness to come!

“ He moulds his harp (quoth Tom) to manners mild; ”

To Kings, for babe-like manners *simple* styl'd,

And grac'd with virtues that would fill a tun;

To *him* the Poet humbly makes a leg,

Who, goose-like, brooding o'er the fav'rite egg

Of Genius, gives the Phoenix to the Sun:

To *him*, who for such eggs is always watching,

And never more delighted than when hatching;

\* Motions established by the *Cognoscenti* for showing the light and shadow of Music.

Which makes the number offer'd to the fun,  
 So vast!—why, verily as thick as peas,  
 That people may collect, with equal ease,  
 A *thousand* noble instances, as *one*.

What numbers, Wisdom to his care hath giv'n!  
 All hatch'd---some living---others gone to Heav'n:  
 Thus in the pinnick's\* nest the cuckow lays,  
 Then, easy as a Frenchman, takes her flight:---  
 Due homage to the eggs the pinnick pays,  
 And brings the little lubbers into light.

The modern poet sings, quoth Tom again,  
 Of M---chs, who, with æconomic fury,  
 Force all the tuneful world to Tot'n'am Lane,  
 And lock up all the doors of harmless DRURY†.

\* A bird so called in some counties, that attends upon the wife bird, and feeds him.

†. The Oratorios were to have been performed at Drury Lane, this year, under the conduct of Mr. LINLEY and Dr. ARNOLD.—MADAM MARA was to have exhibited her amazing powers. This would have been a death-stroke to the pigmy performance in Tottenham-court Road. How should the pigmy be saved? By killing the *Giant*:—and lo! his death-warrant hath been signed.—By what power of the constitution? None!—Can the *Grand Monarque* do more? *Quicquid delirant Reges, plestuntur Achivi.*



Say, why this curse on DRURY's harmless door,

That thus, in anger, M-----y should lock it?

MUSE, are the Tot'n'am-street subscribers poor?

Will Drury keep some pence from Tot'n'am's pocket?

Doth threat'ning bankruptcy extend a gloom

O'er the proud walls of Tot'n'am's regal room?

Perchance 'tis MARA's song that gives offence!

*Hinc illæ Lacrymæ!* --- I fear:

The song that once could charm the R---l sense,

Delights, alas! no more the Royal ear.

Gods! can a guinea deaden ev'ry note,

And make the nightingale's a raven's throat?

But let me give his M-----y a hint,

Fresh from my brain's prolific mint---

Suppose we *Amateurs* should, in a fury,

Just take it in our John-Bull heads to say

(And lo! 'tis very probable we *may*)---

“ We *will* have Oratorios at Drury?”

How

How must he look? --- Blank --- wonderfully blank ;

And think such speech an insult on his rank :

What could he do? --- oppose with ire so hot?

I think his M-----y had better *not* ! \*

Pity a King should with his subjects squabble

About an Oratorio, or a play :

It puts him on a footing with the rabble,

And that's *unkingly*, let me say.

Suppose he comes off conqueror? --- alas !

For such a victory he ought to *figh* ---

But, Lord ! suppose it so should come to pass,

That Majesty comes off with a black eye?

Whether he lose or win the day,

The world will christen it a *paltry* fray.

\* Indeed His M-----y hath prudently taken the hint. — DRURY, in spite of the Royal frown, hath had her Oratorios performed, to the no small mortification of poor deserted TOTTENHAM.



Kings should be never in the *wrong*\*---

They never *are*, some wiseacres declare.---

Poh! such a speech may do for birth-day song;

But makes *us* philosophic people *stare*!

I know a certain owner of a C---n,

Not quite a hundred miles from Windsor town,

Who harbour'd of his neighbour horrid notions---

A widow gentlewoman---who, he said,

Popp'd from her window ev'ry day her head

Impertinent, to watch his Royal motions.

\* Yet let us give an instance of wrong proceedings.—A certain K—— and Q——, instead of having concerts at their palace, in the style of other Princes, such as the King of France, the Emperor, the Empress of Russia, &c. have entered into a private subscription for a concert in a pitiful street.—They pay their six guineas a-piece; and, what is more extraordinary, get in their children, as we are told, *gratis*! What is still more extraordinary, they have entered into a bond for *borrowing* two thousand pounds for putting the house into a decent repair; fit for the reception of the K—— of the first empire upon earth. Of whom has this money been borrowed?—Marvelling reader! of the poor Musicians' fund!—which money might have been placed out at a much superior advantage. Let me add, that the subscribers order a formal rehearsal previous to every concert; so that, in fact, they get a double concert for their money;—undoubtedly to the vast satisfaction of the fingers of the happy CRAMER, BORGHINI, SHIELD, CERVETTO, &c. who, in this instance, earn their money not very unlike the patient and laborious animal called a *drayhorse*.

“ What?

“What? what? (quoth M-----y) I’ll teach her eye  
 To take my motions by surprise—  
 One cannot breakfast, dine, drink tea, nor sup,  
 But, whip! the woman’s head at once is out,  
 To see and hear what we are all about:---  
 I’ll cure her of that trick---and block her up.”

Mad as his Military GRACE \*  
 For fortifying ev’ry place,  
 From dockyards to a necessary house---  
 The M-----ch dreamt of nothing but the wall---  
 The faucy spy in petticoats to maul,  
 And make her eagle pride crawl like a louse.

Now workmen came, with formidable stones,  
 To block up the poor widow JONES---  
 Who mark’d this dread blockade, and, with a frown---  
 And to the cause of freedom true---  
 One of the old hen’s chicks so blue,  
 Fast as the K--- built *up*, the dame pull’d *down*.

\* Duke of Richmond.



'Twas up---'twas down---'twas up again---'twas down—

Much did the country with this battle ring,

Between the valiant Widow and the K---,

That admiration rais'd in Windfor town:

The mighty, batt'ling BROUGHTONS and the SLACKS,

Ne'er knew more money betted on their backs.

Sing, Heav'nly muse, how ended this affray:

Just as it happens, faith, nine times in ten,

When dames so spirited engage with men---

That is---the valiant WIDOW won the day.

The K--- could not the Woman maul;

But found himself most shamefully defeated;

Then, very wifely, he retreated,

And, very prudently, gave up the wall.

Now sing, O muse, the warlike ammunition

Us'd by the Dame in her besieg'd condition,

That

That on the host of vile invaders flew;  
 Say, did no God nor Goddess cry out shame!  
 And nobly hasten to relieve the Dame  
 From such a resolute and hostile crew?

Yes---NEPTUNE, like her guardian angel, kind,  
 Join'd the poor WIDOW JONES, and ran up stairs;  
 There fiercely caught up certain earthen wares,  
 And, pleas'd his fav'rite element to find,  
 Bid, on their heads, the briny torrents flow,  
 And wash'd, like flags, the combatants below.

The Goddess CLOACINA too, so hearty,  
 Rush'd to the Widow's house, and join'd the party:  
 But say, what ammunition fill'd her hand,  
 Fame for the Widow to acquire,  
 To bid the enemy retire,  
 And give to public scorn the daring band?

What that *strong* ammunition was, the bard  
 Heard as a secret---therefore must not tell:  
 Nor would he for a thousand pounds reward,  
 To beaux reveal it, or the sweetest belle.

Yet



Yet Nature possibly hath made a snout,

Blest with sagacity to smell it out.

Reader, don't stand so, staring like a calf---

Thy gaping attitude provokes my laugh---

Thou think'st that Monarchs never can act ill:

Get thy head shav'd, poor fool! or think so still.

Whether thou deem'st my story false or true,

I value not a rush.

Wilt have another?---"No."---Nay, prithee do.---

"I wont."---Thou shalt, by Heavens! so prithee hush!

But ere I give the tale, my tuneful bride,

MY LADY MUSE, shall talk of Kings and Pride.

Some Kings on thrones are children on the lap---

Children, that all of us see ev'ry day---

Brats that kick, squall, and quarrel with their pap,

Tearing, and swearing they will have their way:

And what, too, their great reputation rifles,

KINGS quarrel, just like children, about trifles.

Moreover---

Moreover—'tis a terrible affair

For kingly worship to be kick'd by fellows  
Who probably feed half their time on air,  
Mending old kettles or old bellows.

MY LADY PRIDE's a very lofty BEING,  
Much pleas'd with people's scraping, bowing, kneeling,  
Fruitful in egotisms, and full of brags—

HER LADYSHIP in nought can brook denial;  
And, as for insult, 'tis a killing trial,  
And more especially from men of rags.

For PRIDE, such is her stateliness, alas!  
Rather than feel the kickings of an *ass*,  
Would calmly put up with a leg of *horse*;  
Though pelting her with fifty times the force:  
Nay, though her brains came out upon the ground,  
Were brains within her head-piece to be found.



# A KING and a BRICKMAKER\*.

## A T A L E.

A KING, near Pimlico, with nose and state,  
 Did very much a neighbouring brick-kiln hate,  
 Because the kiln did vomit nasty smoke;  
 Which smoke—I can't say very nicely bred,---  
 Did very often take it in its head  
 To blacken the Great House, and try the K--- to choak.

His sacred Majesty would, sputt'ring, say,  
 Upon a windy day,

“ I'll make the rascal and his brick kiln-hop---

“ P-x take the smoke---the sulphur!---zounds!---

“ It forces down my throat by pounds---

“ My belly is a downright blacksmith's shop.”

One day,---he was so pester'd by a cloud---

He could not bear it, and thus bawl'd aloud:

\* A Mr. Scott.

"Go," roar'd his M-----y unto a page,  
Work'd, like a lion, to a dev'lish rage,

"Go, tell the rascal who the brick-kiln owns,

"That if he dares to burn another brick,

"Black all my house like hell, and make me sick,

"I'll tear his kiln to rags, and break his bones."

This BRICKMAKER went forth and hail to work,

Off BILLY RAMUS sat, his errand told:

On which the Brickmaker---a little bold,

Exclaim'd, "*He* break my bones, good master page,

"*He* say my kiln shan't burn another brick,

"Because it blacks his house and makes him sick!

"BILLY, go, give my love to MASTER'S rage,

"And say, more bricks I am resolv'd to burn;

"And if the smoke his Worship's stomach turn,

"Tell him to stop his mouth and snout---

"Nay, more, good PAGE---His M-----y shall find

"I'll always take th' advantage of the wind,

"And, dam'me, try to smoke him out."

This



This was a shameful message to a K---

From a poor ragged rogue that dealt in mud:

Yet, though so impudent a thing,

The fellow's rhet'rick could not be withstood.

Stiff as against poor HASTINGS, EDMUND BURKE,

This BRICKMAKER went tooth and nail to work,

And form'd a true VESUVIUS on the eye:

The smoke in pitchy volumes roll'd along,

Rush'd through the Royal dome with sulphur strong,

And, thick ascending, darken'd all the sky.

To give the smoke a nastier stink,

Indignant Reader, what dost think?

The fellow scrap'd the filthiest stuff together,

Old wigs, old hats, old woollen caps, old rugs,

Replete with many a colony of bugs,

Old shoes and boots, and all the tribe of leather.

Thus

Thus did this cloud of stink and darkness shade  
 The building for the Lord's Anointed made,  
 And blacken'd it like palls that grace a burying:  
 Thus was this man of mud and straw employ'd,  
 And, at the thought so wicked, overjoy'd,  
 Of smoking his Liege Sov'reign like a herring:

Of serving him as we do parts of swine,  
 Thought, with green pease, a dish extremely fine:  
 But lo! this baneful rogue of brick  
 Fell, for his Sov'REIGN, fortunately sick,  
 And, ere the wretch could glut his spleen and pride,  
 By turning Monarchs into bacon——died.

---

The modern bard (quoth Tom) sublimely sings  
 Of sharp and prudent æconomic Kings,  
 Who rams, and ewes, and lambs, and bullocks feed,  
 And pigs of every sort of breed:



—Of Kings who pride themselves on fruitful fows ;  
 Who sell skimm'd milk, and keep a guard so stout  
 To drive the geese, the thievish rascals, out,  
 That ev'ry morning us'd to suck the Cows \* :

—Of Kings who cabbages † and carrots plant  
 For such as wholesome vegetables want ; ---  
 Who feed, too, poultry for the people's sake,  
 Then send it through the villages in carts,  
 To cheer (how wondrous kind !) the hungry hearts  
 Of such as *only* pay for what they take.

The poet now, quoth Tom's rare Incubration,  
 Singeth commercial treaties --- commutation ---  
 Taxes on paint, pomatum, milk of roses,  
 Olympian dew, gloves, sticking-plaster, hats,  
 Quack Medicines for sick Christians, and sound rats,  
 And all that charms our eyes, or mouths, or noses.

\* Is it possible for this story to be true? We would rather give it as *apocryphal*.

† Mr. Wharton says in his Ode, "*Who plant the Civic Bay*;"—but he assuredly meant cabbages and carrots :—the fact proves it.

The modern bard, says Tom, sublimely sings  
 Of virtuous, gracious, good, uxorious Kings,  
 Who love their wives so constant from their heart---  
 Who down at Windsor daily go a shopping---  
 Their heads so lovely into houses popping,  
 And doing wonders in the hagling art.

And why, in God's name, should not Queens and Kings  
 Purchase a comb, or corkscrew, lace for cloaks,  
 Edging for caps, or tape for apron-strings,  
 Or pins, or bobbin, cheap as other folks?

Reader! to make thine eyes with wonder stare,  
 I tell thee *farthings* claim the Royal care!  
 Farthings are helpless children of a guinea:  
 If not well watch'd they travel to their cost!  
 For, lo! each copper-vifag'd little ninney  
 Is very apt to stray, and to be lost.

Extravagance I never dar'd defend---  
 The greatest Kings should save a candle-end;

Since



Since 'tis an axiom fure, the more folks *save*,  
 The more, indisputably, they must *have*.  
 Crown'd heads, of *saving* should appear examples;  
 And Britain really boasts two pretty samples!

The modern poet sings, quoth Tom again,  
 Of sweet excisemen, an obliging train;  
 Who, like our guardian angels, watch our houses,  
 And add another civil obligation  
 That addeth greatly to our reputation---  
 Hug, in our absences, our loving spouses.

Reader! when tir'd, I'm fond of taking breath.---  
 Now, as thou dost admire the true sublime,  
 And, consequently, my immortal rhyme,  
 'Tis clear thou never can'st desire my death.---

*Swans*, in their songs, most musically die---  
 If that's the case then, Reader, so might *I*.  
 Let me then join thy wishes---stay my rapture,  
 And nurse my lungs to sing a second chapter.

IN CONTINUATION.

“GRANT me an honest fame, or grant me none,”

Says POPE, (I don't know where), a little liar;

Who, if he prais'd a man, 'twas in a tone

That made his praise like bunches of sweetbriar,  
Which, whilst a pleasing fragrance it bestows,  
Pops out a pretty prickle on your nose.

Were *some folks* to exclaim, who fill a throne,

“Grant me an honest fame, or grant me none;”

Such PRINCES were upon the forlorn hope, —

Soon, very soon, to reputation dead;

Their idle Laureats, faith, might shut up shop,

And bid their lofty genius go to bed.

R

Muse,



Muse, this is all well said; but, not t'offend ye,

I beg you will not cultivate digression—

Plead not the poet's *quidlibet audendi*;

For surely they are limits to th'expression :

Then cease to wanton thus in episode,

And tell the world of Mr. WARTON'S Ode.

The modern poet, Laureat Thomas, says,

To BOTANY'S grand island tunes his lays,

Fix'd for the swains and damsels of St. Giles,

Whose knowledge in the *hocus-pocus* art

Bids them from BRITAIN somewhat sudden start,

To teach to southern climes their ministerial wiles :

Improve the wisdom of the commonweal,

And teach the simple natives how to steal :

The picklock sciences so dark, explain ;

And to ingenious murder turn each brain.

Quoth Tom again---the modern poet sings

Of sweet, good-natur'd, inoffensive Kings ;

Who,

Who, by a miracle, escap'd with life---  
 Escap'd a damsel's most tremendous knife;  
 A knife that had been taught by toil and art,  
 To pierce the bowels of a pye or tart.

Thus, having giv'n a full display  
 Of what our Laureat says, or meant to say;  
 I'll beg of Thomas to instruct my ears,  
 Why, in his verses, he should call  
 The knights who grac'd the high-arch'd hall,  
 A set of bears\*?

Why the bold steel-clad knights of elder days  
 Are not entitled to a little praise,  
 Who for God's cause did palace, house, and *but* sell,  
 As well as Monarchs of the present date,  
 Whose dear religion, of which poets prate,  
 Might lodge, without much squeezing, in a nutshell?  
 "What King hath small religion?" thou repliest---  
 "If G..... the Th... thou meanest---bard, thou liest."

\* *Vid.* the word *Savage*, in the Laureat's Ode for the new year.



Hold, Thomas---not so furious---I know things  
 That add not to the piety of .....  
 I've seen a K. at chapel, I declare,  
 Yawn, gape, laugh, in the middle of a pray'r---

When inwards his sad optics ought to roll,  
 To view the dark condition of his soul ;  
 Catch up an opera-glass, with curious eye,  
 Forgetting God, some stranger's phiz to spy,  
 As though desirous to observe, if heav'n  
 Had Christian features to the visage giv'n ;  
 Then turn (for kind communication, keen)  
 And tell some new-found wonders to the .....

Thus have these eyes beheld a cock so stately,  
 (Indeed these lyric eyes beheld one lately)  
 Lab'ring upon a dunghill with each knuckle :  
 When after many a peck, and scratch, and scrub,  
 This hunter did unkennel a poor grub,  
 On which the fellow did so strut and chuckle !

He

He peck'd and squinted---peck'd and kenn'd agen,  
 Hallooing lustily to *Madam Hen*;  
 To whom, with airs of triumph, he look'd round,  
 And told what noble treasure he had found.

“ Ah! Peter, Peter,” Laureat Thomas cries,

“ Thou hast no fear of *KINGS* before thy eyes;

“ Great---little---all with thee are equal jokes,

“ And mighty monarchs merely common folks.

“ Ah! wicked, wicked, wicked Peter, know---”

*Know what?*---“ that monarchs are not merely *show*;

“ *Souls* they possess, and on a glorious scale:”

To this I answer Thomas, with a *tale*.

A Duke of Burgundy (I know not *which*)

Thus on a certain time, address'd a poet---

“ I'm much afraid of that same scribbling itch---

“ You've wit---but pray be cautious how you show it;

“ Say nothing in your rhymes about a King---

“ If praise, 'tis lies---if blame, a dangerous thing.”



That is, the Duke believed the KING uncivil,  
Might kick the saucy poet to the devil.

T. W.

PETER, there's odds 'twixt staring and stark mad---

P. P.

Who dares deny it? So there is egad!

T. W.

Thou think'st *no Prince* of common sense posselt---

P. P.

Thomas, thou art mistaken, I protest---

On STANISLAUS the muse could pour her strain,

Who, dying, sunk a SUN upon Lorraine:

Too, like the parted Sun, with glory crown'd---

He fill'd with blushes deep th' horizon round.

FREDERICK the GREAT, who died the other day,

Had for himself, indeed, a deal to say:

We must not touch upon that KING's *belief*---

Because I fear he seldom said his pray'rs---

Nor dare we say the Hero was no THIEF,

Because he plunder'd ev'ry body's wares..

I'm told the EMPEROR is vastly wise---  
 And hope that madam Fame hath told no lies :  
 Yet, in his disputations with the Dutch,  
 The MONARCH's oratory was not much :  
 Full many a trope from bayonet and drum,  
 He threaten'd---but, behold ! 'twas all a hum.

Wife are our gracious Q-----'s *superb* relations,  
 The pride and envy of the German nations---  
 People of fashion, worship, wealth, and state---  
 Lo ! what demand for them, in heav'n, of late !

Lo ! with his knapsack, ev'n just now departed,  
 As fine a soldier, faith, as ever started---

Whom Death did almost *dread* to lay his *claws* on---  
 Old Captain what's his name ?---SAXEHILBERGHAUSEN.\* :  
 For whom (with zeal, for *folks of worship*, burning)  
 We once again are black'ned up by mourning ;  
 To show by glove, cloth, ribband, crape, and fan,  
 A peck of trouble for th'old gentleman.

*Good!*

\* Great Uncle to our most gracious Q. He died in the EMPEROR's Service.



*Good-lack-a-daisie then !* what dozens  
 Our Q---- hath got of Uncles, Aunts, and Cousins !  
 Egad, if thus those folks continue dying,  
 Each BRITON doom'd to dismal black,  
 Must alway bear a hearse-like back,  
 And, like HERACLITUS, be always *crying*.

*Great* is the northern EMPRESS I confess !  
 Much in her humour, like our good QUEEN BESS ;  
 Who keeps her fair court dames from getting drunk \* :  
 And all so temperate herself, folks say,  
 She scarcely drinks a dozen drams a day ;  
 And, in *love-matters*, is a QUEEN of *spunk*,

Yet like I not such woman for a wife---  
 Such heroines, in a matrimonial strife,  
 Might hammer from one's *tender* head *hard* notes :  
 I own my delicacy is so great,  
 I cannot in dispute, with rapture, meet  
 Women who look like men in petticoats.

Oft

\* At an Assembly at Petersburg, some years since, which was honoured with the presence of the Empress, one of the Rules was, that no Lady should come *drunk* into the Room.

Oft in a learn'd dispute upon a cap,  
 By way of *answer* one might have a *slap*---  
 P'rhaps on a simple petticoat or gown---  
 Nay ! possibly on MADAM's being *kiss'd* !  
 And really I would rather be knock'd down  
 By weight of argument, than weight of fist.  
  
 I like not dames whose conversation runs  
 On battles, sieges, mortars, and great guns---  
 The *milder* BEAUTIES win *my* soften'd soul,  
 Who look for fashions with desiring eyes :  
 Pleas'd when on wigs the conversations roll,  
 Cork rumps, and merry thoughts, and lovers fighs.  
  
 LOVE ! when I marry, give me not an ox---  
 I hate a WOMAN like a SENTRY-Box ;  
 Nor can I deem the DAME a charming creature  
 Whose hard face holds an *oath* in ev'ry feature.  
  
 In women---angelsweetness let me see---  
 No galloping horse-godmothers for *me*.



I own I cannot brook such manly *belles*

As MADEMOISELLE D'EONS, and HANNAH SNELLS :

Yet men there are, (how strange are Love's decrees !)

Whose palates ev'n JACK-GENTLEWOMEN please.

How different, CYNTHIA, from thy form so fair,

That triumphs in a love-inspiring air ;

Superior beaming ev'n where thousands shine---

Thy form!---where all the tender graces play,

And blushing, seem in ev'ry smile to say,

“ Behold we boast an origin divine !”---

See too the QUEEN OF FRANCE---a gem I ween !---

With rev'rence let me hail that charming Queen,

Bliss to her King, and lustre to her race :

Though VENUS gave of beauty half her store,

And all the graces bid a world adore---

Her smallest beauties are the charms of *face*.

T. W.

Heav'ns ! why *abroad* for virtues must you roam !

P. P.

Because I cannot find them, Tom, *at home*.

I beg your pardon---yes---the PRINCE OF WALES

(Whose actions smile contempt on SCANDAL's tales)

Ranks in the muse's favour high---

I wish *some folks*, that I could name with ease,

Blest with *his* head---*his* heart--- *his* pow'rs to please---

Then PITY's soul would cease from many a sigh.

The crouching courtiers, that surround a throne,

And learn to speak and grin from ONE alone,

Who watch, like dancing dogs, their master's nod---

Are ready now, if horfewhipp'd from their places,

At CARLTON HOUSE to shew their supple faces,

And call the PRINCE they vilify, a GOD.

T. W.

Think'st thou not CÆSAR doth the arts possess ?

P. P.

Arts in abundance !---Yes, Tom---yes, Tom,---yes !

T. W.



T. W.

Think'st thou not CÆSAR would each joy forego,  
To make his children happy ?

P. P.

No, Tom---no.

T. W.

What ! not *one* bag, to bless a child, bestow ?---

P. P.

Heav'n help thy folly !---no, Tom---no, Tom---no !

The fordid souls that Avarice enslaves  
Would gladly grasp their guineas in their *graves* :  
Like that old GREEK---a miserable cur,  
Who made himself his own executor.

A cat is with her kittens much delighted ;  
She licks so lovingly their mouths and chins :  
At ev'ry danger, lord ! how puss is frightened---  
She curls her back, and swells her tail, and grins :  
Rolls her wild eyes, and claws the backs of curs  
Who smell too curious to her children's furs,

This

This happens whilst her cats are *young* indeed ;

But when *grown up*, alas ! how chang'd their luck !

No more she plays at bo-peep with her breed,

Lies down, and, mewling, bids them come and suck :

No more she sports and pats them, frisks and purs ;

Plays with their twinkling tails, and licks their furs ;

But when they beg her blessing and embraces,

Spits like a dirty vixen, in their faces.

Nay, after making the poor lambkins fly,

She watches the dear babes with squinting eye ;

And if she spies them with a bit of meat,

Springs on their property, and steals their treat---

No more a tender love she seems to feel---

The dev'l for HER may eat 'em at a meal---

With all HER foul---the jade, so wond'rous faving,

Cries, " Off! You now are at your own beard-shaving."



So---to some K---s this evil does belong---  
 Th'intelligence is good, I make no doubt—  
 Who really love their offspring when they're young,  
 But lose that fond affection when they're stout ;  
 Far off they send them---nor a fixpence give---  
 I wonder, Thomas, where such M——hs live !

Should such a M——ch, Thomas, cross thy way,  
 And for thy flatt'ry, offer buts of sack ;  
 Say plainly, that he would disgrace thy lay ;  
 And turning on him thy poetic back,  
 Bid, like a Porcupine, thine anger bristle,  
 Nor damn thy precious soul to whet thy whistle.

## CONCLUSION.

THINK not, friend Tom, I envy thee thy rhyme,  
By numbers, I assure thee, deem'd sublime ;  
Or that thy Laureat's place my spleen provokes :  
The KING (good man !) and I should never quarrel,  
E'en though his royal wisdom gave the laurel  
To Mr. TOM-A-STILES, or JOHN-A-NOKES.

Old fashion'd, as if tutor'd in the ark,  
I never figh'd for glory's high degrees :  
This very instant should our *grand Monarque*  
Say, " PETER, be my Laureat, if you please ; "

" No, please your Majesty," should be my answer,  
With sweetest diffidence and modest grace :  
" The office suits a more ingenious man, Sir ;  
" In God's name, therefore, let *him* have the place :  
" Unlike the poets, 'tis my vast affliction  
" To be a miserable hand at *fiction* :

" But, Sir, I'll find some lyric undertaker,  
" Acrostic, rebus, or conundrum-maker,  
" Who oft hath rode old Pegasus so fiery,  
" And won the sweepstakes in the LADY'S DIARY."

THE END.



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